

BUBBLES—AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A FAMOUS ACTRESS—BY CLARA MORRIS

The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them.

THE stream of life is covered with their myriads. Sometimes they softly coalesce and float in groups; sometimes low, flat and leaden-ued they slide by in sullen thousands, or now and then a transparent gleaming sphere, reflecting on its rounded sides all of heaven's blue, plain and white, slow sailing clouds, goes floating by, a thing of beauty and of joy. Bubbles—hurry, rushing bubbles—with one halted in your path perhaps or touching you lightly in passing by—then on again! Where from? Where to? Breaking—reforming hosts—bubbles on the stream of life!

We were high up in the mountains and all day long my thoughts had been turned to my distant home; for strange as it may seem it does not matter how many miles or the fat, black prairie land I may put behind me, it's only when the mountain ranges upheave themselves between my home and me that I am seized with a morbid fear of calamity or grave illness causing sudden recall; and I shudder at the dreadful distance dividing me from the imagined sufferer. All day I had been shut up in the private car, a victim of homesickness and imaginary trouble, so the weather being fine I promised my small four-footed traveling companion that I would start earlier than usual for the theater, that he might have a little run, and after dinner I inducted the wee Tibbs, all quivering, starting, rearing with excitement, into collar and mighty bow and we started.

Over in the glowing West—where the mountains lifted themselves in amethystine silhouettes against the golden sky—mountains that in the East were already chilling into gray—grim and repellent; with ever increasing awe I gazed at them; gazed until I felt myself the merest atom. Surely, I thought, all those holy men of old, who fled into the mountains, finding strength and help and joy there, must have turned to them in the morning, when their giant forms were bathed in rosy light; the rents and fissures of their scored sides filled with the purple bloom of ripened grapes and bases still deep in silvery mist. Things of such beauty, strength and promise might well lure the world-worn, sin-weary to rise and flee to them—but not, oh, surely not!—at eventide when grim and cold, some of their mighty masses take on sentinel-like attitudes, strangely watchful—and others shaped like prehistoric monsters, crouched ready to spring at the word of command, halted since a million years perhaps. The carriage stopped—so did my dreaming. I sent the maid and the inevitable leather bag with her, dismissed the driver and then turned my attention to Tibbs—who, to the casual eye, was but an animated tangle of hair, pierced by two brightly dancing eyes, but to those who knew, he was lion-hearted, loving and loyal to his little doggy soul. For, though you shake your head, some dogs have souls—oh, yes, they surely, surely have!

Like a small alarm clock, wound and set, Tibbs waited tensely for the smiling question: "Do you want to go?"—then sounding the alarm he sprang into action, kicking, scratching, pushing his way down the front of my dress to the sidewalk and liberty. As I walked slowly after the red bow—glancing, gleaming erratically on ahead, I smiled at the quiet emptiness of this city street. In its whole length, I murmured, I am the only human being—and at that very moment I saw approaching me a man. There being no one else to look at, I naturally observed him rather closely. He was old and very poorly dressed, but clean and tidy. His starched white shirt and its old-time, turnover collar showed no spot, no soil on its limp purity. Though he was badly bent by age or hard labor, the great breadth of his shoulders, the brawniness of his throat, and size of his gnarled, brown hands, all betokened an extraordinary strength in the past. A broken down miner and a stern old chap—I thought. And then I saw quite

clearly the unutterable sadness of his face, the piteous wistfulness of the weary eyes he lifted to the mountains; that to me took on suddenly the appearance of impassable ramparts, imprisoning for life this broken, weak, old man. Silly—of course, and I could have laughed at the thought, but for the tightening of my throat, caused by the mute misery of that aged face.

Just then Tibbs gave vent to one of his small yaps. The man looked down, started violently, and then stood stock still; and I, gazing at him, said aloud: "W-w-why, what is it?"—for never had I seen so swift a change in mortal face. His thick eyebrows twitched, his dim eyes were boy bright and glowing, and across his tight closed lips a tremulous smile was broadening wider and wider. One shaking hand clutched at his chin. He looked and looked, and then, aloud, in a sort of awed joy, he said, with absolute conviction:

"Aye—aye—fore God, he's a Yorkshire! By every move and hair and eye of him, Yorkshire! Oh, the little mon—the little mon!"

I cannot produce his dialect, but voice and accent, trumpet-tongued, proclaimed his nationality. As I came up he drew aside, and, bowing respectfully, said:

"Your pardon, missus; the little chap is yours! Aye, aye, and he be a main fine tarrier, and—a true Yorkshire! A sight for sore eyes and sorer hearts. For you see, missus, when a mon forces himself into these 'ere mountains ag'in his will, hold him in life and his bones in death."

"You are an Englishman, I see, and homesick. Well, I'm an American, and I'm homesick, too."

"Aye, and it's a 'nawin' bitter pain," he answered. "But you are in your own country, whilst I have not only the mountains and the plains, but the big, fierce ocean, 'tween me and the old 'shire. I fled away from my deac—to forget in this new land, and now for years I've had but one wish, one longin', to go back to the deac I left; to heal my eyes with a sight of the old home, and then to lay me down by those as were mine in life. Aye, but I've hungered and prayed for the comfortin' sound of a home voice—a glimpse of a home face, since I must lay me bones in the strangers' land, and just when my heart's clean clemmed with disappointment, the great gates of the hills do open and you pass in, missus, bringin' in a livin' scrap of old Yorkshire—the little tarrier, that's as common to the old home as are the grasses of its field!"

His old eyes followed Tibbs' movement so longingly that I called the dog to me, and, lifting him in my arms, I asked:

"Would you like to take him a moment?"

A flush of pleasure passed over his face as he answered:

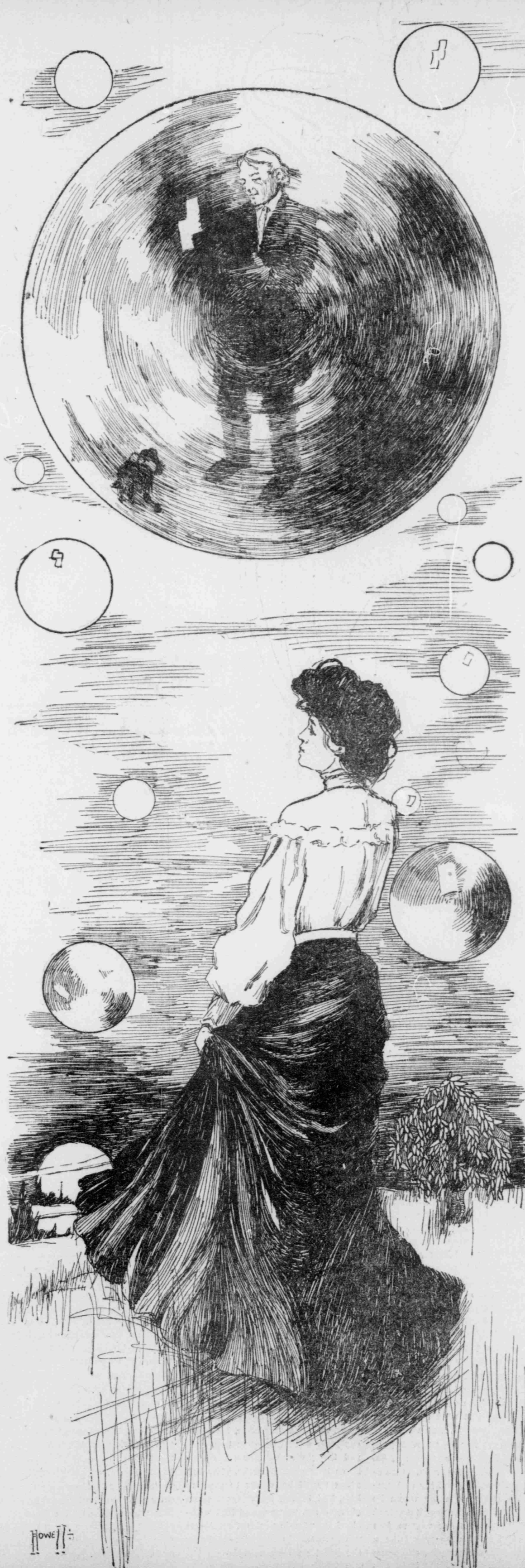
"Aye, aye, indeed, I would that."

I passed the light little body over to the great brown hands, held out for him, and as the man held the dog to his breast, he ecstatically burst out with:

"He was bred and littered in the brave old 'shire!"

Then I took, half mischief, half curiosity, came over his face and next instant, caught by the skin at the back of his neck, Tibbs was swinging high in the air, a kicking but utterly silent little shape. A triumphant laugh broke from the old man's throat, as he lowered the dog to his breast again, saying:

"Aye, aye, he's a well plucked one, he is! I knew it! I knew it! Oh, the little gentleman!" And as he rested his wrinkled cheek upon the dog's small, tousled head I turned my face away a moment, but heard a murmur of broken words and something so dreadfully like a sob



nearest I shall ever come to seein' the old home, missus, and a comfortin' sight it's been and will be to me to the end—the little livin' morsel of old Yorkshire!"

He drew away to the very edge of the sidewalk, removed his hat and stood there. I bowed to him, but he only had eyes for Tibbs. I turned directly to the stage door, having no heart for a walk then. As I mounted the two steps I looked back. The man had not moved, bareheaded he still stood there. Impulsively I lifted Tibbs high above my head. The old man saw, for he straightened up, looked a moment, then slowly waved his hat, and I went in quickly. It had, indeed, been hail and farewell, that brief meeting. The man had for me neither name nor habitation, a halted bubble, now sweeping by with the other bubbles on the stream of life—that was all!

that I moved a step or two away. Then I heard an approving voice saying:

"That's right—aye, so it is—keep you eye upon your missus, lad; no matter what!" He turned to me continued: "He'll no lose sight of you, I'm a-thinkin' while he has life!"

He lifted the dog up and took one more long look at him, then gently placed him in my arms: "Thank you," he said, "you're a main, kind-hearted leddy, to share the wee tarrier there with a stranger." Then nodding toward Tibbs, "That's the

I'VE BEEN THINKING

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

"Cynthia, Cynthia, I've Been Thinking."

A Series of Humorous Sermons

HAVE you ever heard about that business man who in advertising his particular brand of breakfast food increased the circulation of the paper in which he advertised a hundred-fold?

Well, it was this way. His name was Wise, and he had unlimited money to spend. He had formerly owned a sawmill, and he naturally had a large quantity of sawdust on hand. It struck him that if he could buy a low-priced molasses and sawdust and advertise it as the only nutritious food, good alike for brain, brawn, cuticle, and hair, he could make a fortune in a month or two.

So he called in an advertising man, and put him on a princely salary at once, and said:

"Go ahead. Advertise Sord Ust in any way you like, as long as you get the people's attention."

Now, the advertising man was a genius, and he said to himself: "If I advertise this thing a little in every paper people will only think a little of it, but if I bend all my energies on one paper, and that a very important one, and advertise it there uniquely for a month or so, the very oddity of the thing will attract attention."

So he went to the office of the Daily Howler and said:

"I want to buy every page in your paper for advertising purposes."

And the business manager told him it couldn't be done.

So the advertising man showed him what a large check he could write, and then the business manager said it was possible, and the next day Mr. Man had every page in the Daily Howler.

There was not a bit of editorial in the paper, except the name and the date and the subscription price.

And of course there was no advertisement. And that piqued curiosity.

Well, this thing happened next day and the next, and then on the editorial page was printed in very small letters,

TRY SORD UST.

Now you may well believe that subscribers began to rush in, for here was a paper that could be introduced into the most bigoted house in the land. There was no tiresome politics in it; no dreadful murders; nothing but Sord Ust.

Every one said it was the cleanest paper that had ever been issued, and more and more people subscribed to it. It got to be quite a fad. To be sure, the subscribers did not know what was going on in the world except by hearsay, but they had that much more time for other things, and they were, consequently, far happier, and reading about no murders or steamship trusts or Presidential possibilities, they finally came to the conclusion that the millennium was at hand.

But, of course, the thing that made the most impression on them was this Sord Ust. They began to inquire for it in the stores and they found that no one kept it. No one had ever heard of it. It was impossible to buy a box of it anywhere because the clever advertising man had given orders to his employer to refuse to sell it for at least six months.

People did not even know whether it was a new kind of soap or a breakfast food, or the latest thing in stove polish.

edition, and all the time Mr. Wise went on buying sawdust and cheap molasses until he had a whole country in northern New York heaped high with it and five large mills hard at work compressing it into cakes.

And at last, seemingly on account of the pressure of public opinion, but really because the advertising man said it was high time, Mr. Wise put an advertisement on the first page of the Daily Howler to the effect that Sord Ust was a breakfast food, and that all you need do to it was to pour a little hot milk on it; and if your grocer wouldn't get it for you change your grocer at once!

Was it a success? Well, I guess. Why, they had one long freight train stretching from the mill to New York, moving all the time on a special track, and as fast as a car was unloaded at the Manhattan end a car was filled at the other end.

Motive power? Electricity, of course. And the man became a millionaire ten times over before the year was up, and before the Sord Ust had kicked up any racket in the insides of the populace.

And now the advertising man began to advertise in all the papers, and the Daily Howler came before its millions of subscribers with murders and editorials once more, and they, after their long fast, were only too glad to learn that the world was not as good as they had suspected, and the Daily Howler was a bigger success than ever.

But the editor had got the tip, and he didn't use Sord Ust on his home menu.

And he's alive yet.

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THINGS THAT MAY HAPPEN IN 1906

Here are Spangler's prophecies for 1906:

The dissolution of Russia.

The overthrow of Turkey.

The assassination of the Czar of Russia.

The assassination of the Sultan of Turkey.

The prevention of three wars by President Roosevelt.

A protracted race-war in the South.

Destructive spring floods in the United States.

A destructive eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

The activity of Mount Pelee and Popocatepetl.

Volcanic eruptions in all parts of the world.

The eruption of many volcanoes now supposed to be extinct.

Great loss of life at sea by storms.

Destruction of two western cities by cyclones.

Earthquakes in all parts of the world.

Destructive earthquakes in California and the Philippines.

Rebellion in Spain.

Great disturbances all over Europe.

Spangler says that the summer of 1906 will be hot and sultry throughout the temperate zone, with extensive death rates.

That Christ will make His Spirit felt among the peoples of the United States and England, in which countries there are to be fervent religious and potent political movements which are to overcome in a great degree the present spirit of graft and commercialism.

That the United States will continue as a world power and the leader of other nations.

That Pennsylvania is to have an administration of the people, and that discoveries of corruption will be discovered which will drive some of the guilty to suicide.

That God will wreak terrible vengeance upon the Russians for the massacre of the Jews.—New York World.